

## **Birdman**

# **"What Happened To That Boy"**

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Aye, aye, aye, ya  
Tot' 'em up, light it up, nigga  
Birdman, motherfucker

Clipse, VA, NO, nigga, what you smelt?  
Coke'll leave plastic, boy  
[Incomprehensible] border motherfucker  
Come on little'n handle your business for me boy

What happened to that boy  
What happened to that boy  
What happened to that boy  
He was talking shit  
We put a clap into that boy

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I heard he snitchin' on a player, man, say it ain't so  
Even as a young'n they consigned me to blow  
Witches claims why I'm worth my weight in gold  
While they was taking baby steps from an 8th to an O

Word in the streets that can envy as me  
Enough ice on that watch to make a nigga lose sleep  
Magnified face help the bitch see clearly  
9 on the waist hit the bitch up severely

I'm known for the flip of that Coke I ener  
I'm heavy in the street like the 7 series Bimma  
Man, hit 'em with the Nina man  
Or that 4/5th guaranteed to lean ya, man

Oh, I'm the reason that your block is vacant  
Malicious will hit ya just to make a statement, bitch  
Clipse and Cash Money, who ain't rich?  
Don't compare me to you, nigga, you ain't this, woh

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Stunna and Patty Cake, the worldwide Pusha  
Birdman, nigga, leave the guns in the busher  
Been shittin' up bricks unload 'em to Gucci  
Boss of the ghetto, with the round shape cookie

Shit one, Dro one, nigga, flood the block  
If I don't go to jail, niggas, birds gone flop  
Nigga sittin' on the toilet, bitch, get off the pot  
The bird just landed so the hood gon' rot

New whips, big chips, the Prada, Gucci shit  
But, mami, you fly Benz, the wide skinny lips  
She takes my flight, she holds my weight  
While the po-po staked out from state to state

It ain't nuttin' to a baller baby  
Pay the cars, big money, heavy weight, Birdman, hood  
boss  
Baby steppin' on my line, I'll show a little somethin'  
They callin' you don't come out then the black crow'll  
touch ya

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Another soul lost, had to make a shirt  
Match my ox blood colored Porsche  
The rims match of course  
Blood hit his Timbs, it reminded me of them

Glistenin' wrist on chiller

Gun in the same palm of gorgeous killer  
I put this on my Lord  
My niece was 4 when she felt chinchilla

I past the shore for that shit that made fiends  
Rise from the dead like Thriller  
Gangster, hustler  
At night, still found time to kiss my mother

Live like I'm dreamin', kick my feet up  
Gun pulled my waist remind me of my demon  
So quite ya yappin' fore I get to clappin'  
And have your body parts mix and matching fella

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Aye, aye, aye, aye  
There it is, nigga, there you have it  
Birdman, Clipse you under-smelt, VA you know?  
Uptown, nigga, we go anywhere with this bullshit  
We flip bricks you under-smell

Aye nigga, put this puzzle together  
Aye Pharrell, you did this year  
1000 pieces puzzles, 100, you know?  
Let's get this money

Hey nigga, I smell somethin'  
Coke'll leave plastic, bitch, you know?  
Get money, motherfucker  
However you want, it you can get it, pimp  
From gangster to blood

Nigga, take it how you want it, nigga  
We did it how we live  
Ain't nothin' but the thug thing, nigga  
Money thing, mother

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